

The **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*
Hearthstone

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- Will Marriage and College Mix?—*A. B. Kennerly*
- Common-Sense Therapy for Parents—*Mary Edith Barron*

JUNE, 1957 - 25c

The *Magazine for the Christian Home* Hearthstone

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Unwanted Advice

"That's not the way you're supposed to ice a cake," a mother tells her teenage daughter. "Here! Let me show you how!" The girl flashes her mother a belligerent look and stalks angrily out of the room. Later, when Mama relates Daughter's unladylike behavior to Papa, she says tearfully, "I was only trying to show her a better way to do it."

Many of us think we have (or actually do have) a better way to do something. We want to show our married daughter a better way to feed the baby, or our five-year-old a better way to color pictures, or even our husbands or wives a better way to paint the walls or to polish the furniture.

We find, much to our sorrow, that most of this advice is unappreciated. When you think about it, however, you probably don't like someone telling you how to do something if you are reasonably competent. The best course of action, usually, is to give advice only if it is sought.

What's Here? We have an article especially for young people planning to get married while still in college. "Will Marriage and College Mix?" by A. B. Kennerly, has worth-while pointers which the marriage-bound college student will find helpful.

A small boy's desperate plea to keep him from killing someone incited his mother to prompt action in an attempt to discover the reasons for these unnatural fears. "Common-Sense Therapy for Parents" by Mary Edith Barron, is one of the best articles that *Hearthstone* has ever published. We urge every parent to read it.

Although she is blind, "Miss Dolly" Gamble, of Miami, Florida, doesn't waste valuable time feeling sorry for herself. Concerned with the plight of mentally retarded children, she decided to devote herself to their educational needs. Her story, written by Marion Rubinstein, is in this issue of *Hearthstone*.

"P.T."—Career of Compassion," by Dorothy E. Prather, is an informative article on physical therapy. Girls considering a career in this field will find Mrs. Prather's article very helpful.

You'll like our story, "In His Hands," by Jean Leedale Knight.

What's Coming? "When Children Come to Visit"; "Mom, Dad, and Your Other Life"; "With the Fruit of her Hands"; and part II of "Common-Sense Therapy for Parents."

Till next month,

S. W.

Will Marriage and College Mix?

by A. B. Kennerly

So you wish to get married and complete your college education in wonderful wedded bliss? Theoretically, it's a grand and glorious idea. Practically, there are thousands of young married couples who are making a success of it.

After working with hundreds of young married couples in college for the past five years, teaching them in a church school class, visiting with them in their homes and in our home, and counseling with them—our suggestion is *don't*.

But you have already made up your mind? Fine. You have some wonderful experiences ahead of you.

Here are some of the problems you will likely face and a few suggestions from my observations that may help you to overcome many of the hurdles.

Let me urge you to align yourself with a church and attend church school regularly. The fact that you have attended regularly before marriage does not mean that you will find it easy to continue in church school and church.

Last summer one of our finest young men got married. He had held responsible offices in student religious work and was faithful in his Christian activities. My wife and I visited the young couple and invited them to visit our class. They promised to come.

The Sundays went by, but they were never in the class. We continued to keep in touch with them. Finally, after several months they came to the class and joined.

"I was worried about John," the wife told us. "I could never get him up on Sunday morning in time to go to church school. I could not understand what happened to him."

They soon joined in the class activities and have since made excellent members. The young man is now teaching a class, and his wife is serving in another department. We carry them on our roll as service members.

It's so much easier to get started right away in church school and church if both of you will make up your minds to it. Before marriage is the best time to have an understanding. Another young lady whom my wife and I visited was having difficulty getting her husband to start church school soon after they arrived at college. They had been married only a few weeks.

"I should have had an understanding about going to church school before we got married," she said. We kept in touch with them, however, and soon they joined the class and have made good members.

If you think the two examples just given are one-sided in favor of the girls, you are right. We maintain a list of prospects obtained from college files that includes only the names of the men, since women are not permitted to enroll in the college. Thus, our enlistment efforts are aimed almost completely among the men of our own denomination.

Many problems present themselves when young people marry during their college years. One of the best ways to overcome obstacles and solidify a marriage is for the couple to attend church regularly.



Yet, of twenty couples in our class last year of mixed religious marriage, only three of the husbands were of our denomination. Among the other seventeen couples the wives were of our denomination. This convinced us that the wife predominantly influences the choice of the church, and often whether or not they join a church school at all. It's rare that the husband makes the decision.

Chances are heavy that you will marry or have married someone of another denomination. This situation lessens the possibility that you will attend church and church school regularly. Of more than a hundred couples who are prospects for our class, less than a dozen are of the same denomination. We find it much more difficult to enlist these couples of mixed marriage. Most of the couples where both the husband and wife are of our denomination have been enlisted.

We encourage every young couple to become members of the same church. This has frequently resulted in a loss to our church, but we firmly believe that the young married couple can be happier in their church life when they share the same church membership.

The problem of finances hits early and hard with the young married couple attending college. It is usually the husband who attends classes and the wife who works to earn the living. At best, this presents an awkward situation. We recall one young man who was scattering pictures of a new car about the apartment in hopes that his wife, who earned the living, might agree to buy a new car. She didn't take the hint.

Where the husband has a part-time job in addition to his class work, or perhaps is on the GI bill, and

the wife can work full time, the couple can make it very well financially. But sickness, operations, accidents, and children come along to upset these arrangements, and the financial burden can become terrific. One of our couples, who already had two children, had twins. They have had a struggle.

The soundest solution we have seen for the financial problem is for the couple to begin tithing. We have never seen a family that tithes have serious financial troubles. Things seem to work out a little more smoothly for those who give back the tithe to God.

Married couples in college do not enjoy the companionship that other married couples have. The wife is tied down with housework after working hours. Every waking minute for the husband is spent at work, in class, or at his studies.

Affiliation with church and church school activities gives a release from this confinement and provides a well-balanced social life, as well as spiritual growth.

There is little opportunity or desire among married students to participate in college activities. As a result they do not develop school spirit, and they miss this phase of college life.

We discuss in our church school class many of the problems that arise among married students in college. The solution that they offer most is for the couple to have family prayer in the home.

"Our problems seem to work out a little better when we pray together about them," these young people tell us.

And, judging from the results we witness, we are inclined to agree with them.

Still plan to get married and finish college? God's blessings on you.



Most married college students don't have a desire to take part in campus activities; and as a result they lose the school spirit that prevails among single students. Church activities with other young married couples will help to fill this void.

SUMMER Counts, Too!

by D. Maxine Cottrell

Important in our children's lives are the days of learning! We sometimes fail to realize that the learning process goes on every moment of our lives, from birth to death, and is not confined merely to hours spent in organized educative pursuits. So few years of the average life are spent in planned learning; yet from the moment a baby breathes his first breath he is beginning to learn. Everything that happens to him (everything he sees, hears, feels, smells, tastes) helps to mold him into the person that he is. It is, therefore, important that we direct our activities so that most of our experiences will be positive, constructive forces in order to build rich, creative lives.

Why, then, do we disregard summer? Many parents, especially mothers who are constantly with their children day and night, dread the thought of the long vacation from school. They consider it a stop-gap that must be endured between one school term and another. This dread of vacation need not exist if parents do a bit of constructive planning

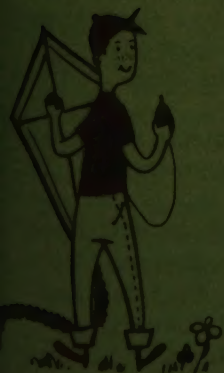
ahead of time. Summer should be a time of healing of mind and body; a time to fortify the body with sunshine, fresh air, and garden-fresh foods; a time to catch up with oneself, to gain release from the tension of modern living.

Summer vacation affords the time (we must supply the opportunity) to become better acquainted with the world in which we live and to get to know better the people who live in that world. To broaden our scope of understanding, we need to know life as it is in areas different from our own. Those who live in small- and medium-sized towns and cities need to know of life in the country and also of life in the big city; those in big cities, of the town or country; all need to understand that, in God's plan for his world, each group needs the other. Long-range planning for the summer vacation could very well include this.

Country Living

Everyone needs first-hand information of the outdoors and

The summer months need not be a problem for Mother, who is at home all day with the children. With extra planning, summer can be the most wholesome, rewarding season of the year.



some knowledge of life on the farm. Become more intimate with nature. Nothing can surpass this for gaining a feeling of oneness with God and the magnitude of life. This can be done as one spends lazy hours fishing, playing in a brook, walking among trees, digging in the earth, and studying bird and plant life. Day trips into the country are valuable, but a week end of camping is better. Pitch a tent by a stream and learn the blessedness of solitude in the great outdoors, alone with God and nature. Inconvenience and discomfort are bound to be a part of the adventure, but, strangely, these too will be rich memories to the children throughout life. If a wooded spot in the country is not available to you, remember that many state parks are wooded and accessible. Learning to know nature intimately should be the dominant objective in summer planning.

Spend a day on a farm. If it can be arranged, spend a day and night on a friend's or relative's farm. Learn the invigorating experience of getting up with the sun and helping with the chores

before a hearty breakfast. Brush the cow's slick hair as she stands idly, chewing her cud; chuckle at the pigs' contented grunting when you scratch their muddy backs with a corn cob; and feel the roughness of the baby calf's tongue as he licks the salty perspiration from your hand. Watch the cultivation of corn, the protective spraying, the process of hay storage, and the care of animals. This will help children to appreciate the contribution that rural workers make to the well-being of all.

Look at the farmer's modern machinery. Listen to him tell of his method of soil conservation by crop rotation, contour farming, planting of legumes and wooded sections, and of his contribution in the effort to preserve small animals and fowl by building a pond and allowing certain areas to remain undisturbed as shelter for these little creatures. These terms will take on new and vital meaning to a child and not exist merely as terms that he reads about in his geography book under the subtitle "Modern Methods of Agriculture." Then,

too, when he reads of irrigation in India and terraced farming in Japan, he will experience a feeling of kinship with these strangers across the ocean and know that their problems are real, too; different and yet somehow similar to those of our neighbor farmer in our own land.

Metropolitan Life

Let a child get the *feel* of big city living by carefully planning a week end or a day in your nearest big town. It takes careful arranging in order to avoid an extravagant waste of time and money. This venture might well include a tour of an important shopping center, lunch in a streamlined cafeteria, and a ride on an elevated train or bus through a cross section of the city's industrial, tenement, and residential areas. The city is needed, too, and makes a contribution to the well-being of society.

If possible, try to make dinner an elaborate ceremony in an old, fashionable restaurant or hotel dining room. Do not choose a streamlined, modern place but an old, mellow room with lots of charm, background, and dignity. Wherever you eat, help your child learn to order from a menu, to give clear, friendly directions to a butler or waitress, and to dine with ease in strange surroundings.

A stage production, either musical or dramatic, may be on the agenda for the evening. (No movies, please. We can always see those at home.) Being ushered into the luxury of an opera house is quite different from the scramble for seats in the school auditorium at home.

A night in a hotel is a valuable experience for a youngster. He sees the teeming lobby, the courteous formality of the desk clerk, the silent bellboy, the quiet halls, the room service from the invisible maid, and the strange nearness of the mysterious unknown guests.

The next morning (being Sunday) should be spent in a visit

With his faithful canine companion, a small barefoot boy can find no greater delight on a summer day than fishing in the creek.

Indiana Dept. of Conservation



to the most impressive church in the city. After a simple breakfast the entire family should dress in their best (for daughter, a perky straw hat tied under the chin and a pair of immaculate white gloves can stylize any fresh cotton dress, with a handbag lending dignity), and be sure to go early. Feel the hush and beauty of this majestic place of worship. Blend your voice in that great chorus of voices. Listen to the minister preach his sermon in a deep, rich voice. Thrill to the benedictional "Amen" of the well-trained choir. Feel the greatness of God, humility of self, and the sense of oneness with all worshipers around the globe. You'll go home from the city a wiser and more understanding family, realizing that within the hustle and formality of a great city, human beings there have souls also.

Life at Home

It takes a well-thought-out program in order that the many long days of summer spent at home will not bog down in boredom. Schedule each child's day so that he will assume a certain amount of the daily household tasks, preferably in the mornings before his play starts. A "must" on this list is care of his own room and a reasonable amount of dish washing and other kitchen duty. It is important that boys and girls alike understand the tremendous task of running a home, and their play will seem worth while to them if they first perform these tasks.

Play hours should take up at least half of the child's day; backyard play for little tots, and tennis, swimming, and hiking for older children. Do not neglect to include in the day a quiet time for personal devotions, and for reading, music, or other interests. This is a good opportunity for experimenting with various arts and crafts. Rigid wintertime schedules of school, scouts, lessons, and practice often allow no extra time to dabble in painting, writing, gardening, bird lore, or a dozen other valuable skills.



RNS

The summer months, when children are not burdened with daily routine, should be spent in creative, worth-while pursuits. Family vacations and outings to new surroundings will help to broaden a child's outlook and acquaint him with unfamiliar things.

Along with a happy balance of work and play there must be regular observance of health habits also, such as a set time for meals and a reasonably exact bedtime, and a recognition that this, too, is part of God's plan for us. Allow no slipping into slovenly habits that will be hard to overcome when school starts! Small courtesies and the fine points of manners can be stressed. Table etiquette can be accented, as unhurried meals become the gay little ceremonies that they should be, spiced with surprise back-porch suppers and an occasional tray breakfast. Children can help lighten Mother's household duties or finish the lawn work for Dad, so, perhaps the whole family can go for a quick swim and supper on the beach.

Highlight each vacation week with something special, such as a movie, a family picnic, a break-

fast hike (city parks will do), a walk or drive into the country to study and discuss soil conditions and progress of crops, or a fishing trip. Children who have never seen one should be taken to a zoo, and maybe there is within driving distance of your home a national memorial, a museum, a noted river, or other spots of fame. Because of fewer demands from the outside, families have a good opportunity in the summer to share their fun and work and to grow closer to each other. Through such experiences as those described in this article, the whole family can gain an awareness of God's plan for life and can grow in understanding how each person fits into that plan. Make this summer a time of leisurely learning to get the "feel of life" in its various roles; for in the molding of eager young lives, summer counts, too!



"Oh, dear God," she prayed silently, "she's so terribly young, and she's all we've got. Let it be all right, God, please."

In His Hands

Ellen sat straighter in the hard seat, and the squeak of her dress on the polished wood sounded enormously loud in the silence. A woman sitting nearby smiled over with a look of shared understanding. Ellen pulled her tense features into a smile in return. She wished Bill were sitting with her so she could draw strength from his solid, comforting presence, but he was with Janie, giving her the support she needed these last few minutes. So Ellen must sit alone.

How much of a mother's life, she wondered aching, was spent in such waiting, minute by minute, like this? Hers had always been the inactive, the stand-by role. It had been Bill who took Janie on her first visit to the dentist while she, the mother, sat out in the car ruining one finger of a brand new pair of gloves; Bill, another time, who took a scared little girl to a doctor for stitches the time she stepped on broken glass at the beach. Of course, Ellen realized, she had pushed them into a close relationship like that, made Janie depend on her father and Bill take a deeply possessive attitude toward his daughter. It gave her a feeling of recompense to Bill, who had wanted a large family and had to settle for an only child. And it was Bill, now, who was sharing these last few torture-packed moments with Janie.

Would you feel this way if you had a dozen children? she wondered. Would it be any easier at times like this if your love were spread out in more directions? Probably not. *But oh, dear God, she prayed silently, she's so terribly young, and she's all we've got. Let it be all right, God, please.*

She glanced at her watch; ten to four. Dr. Kent would be here

by now. Everything was held in suspension in that last breathless, timeless span of waiting for an appointed time. She leaned back against the hardwood, suddenly tired all over. The past week had been an effort to keep going cheerfully, keeping up for Janie's sake, smiling outside but crumbling inside. And now, with nothing more needed of her, she felt drained of all her energy.

Her thoughts slipped back to the few minutes she and Bill had spent together in Janie's room—was that only a half-hour ago? The voice that answered, "Come in, Mom; hi, Daddy," was a bit wobbly, and the sight of Janie, so slight and young and vulnerable amid all that white, turned a knife in her heart. But Ellen managed to joke, "Hi there! How's my favorite daughter?" although the urge to take Janie in her arms was almost more than she could control. If she touched her, though, Ellen knew she would cry, and Janie must not be upset by her mother's tears. They had been shed in the darkness, against Bill's shoulder, not for Janie to see.

Watching the minutes crawl by, the question rose in her mind for the hundredth time. What do we know of this Dr. Kent, to trust our precious Janie's life in his hands? And yet, her reason told her, there was nothing else they could do. Even when she, as a mother, had noticed little warning signs, Janie had tossed off her questions and kidded about how she felt. Then, by the time they realized the seriousness of it, things had gone too far. With Dr. Kent leaving suddenly to take a post down in South America, there had had to be a flurry of talks between themselves, with this Dr. Kent, and old Dr. Benner, who had known them since

Janie's baby days. So what else could she and Bill do but say, "O.K., then, go ahead"? Their only concern was Janie's welfare.


He must surely know, she told herself now, how anxious we are, how much she means to us. He had spoken so understandingly, so confidently to them the other night. Lately, several of Bill's business friends had gone out of their way to speak highly of this young specialist. But was that solace enough for a mother's worrying heart? With only minutes to go—it would have to be. Too late now for anything but to trust in God.

What was it Dr. Benner had said the other night at dinner? Ellen tried to remember, because it had helped her so at the time. Something about how a mother's heart and mind operate. Oh yes, "... you think no one else can care for your child the way you can. But there are times, Ellen, when all a mother can do is sit back and put her child in someone else's care and her trust in God." He had patted her hand. "That, my dear, is where you are right now, wanting to protect your child and knowing you can't. But I know this young Kent is a good man. Try not to worry so, Ellen."

So easy for other people to be complacent and speak in platitudes, when the zero hour didn't vitally concern them. She watched the second hand of her watch bob its inexorable way around the circle and push the bigger one to stiff attention. A sudden panic gripped her, and she wanted to run and yell, *No, no! They can't do it! Stop them!* But cool, rational logic kept her sitting there, stiff and tense. . . .

When she looked up, Dr. Benner was coming slowly in her direction. Ellen sent him an appealing look, and he smiled reassuringly back. A few steps behind him, young Dr. Kent followed. His face was white and serious, and Ellen saw tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead. Her eyes searched his, and she found there the answer she

(Continued on page 28)



by Jean Leedale Knight



A

Widow's "Might"

If you are an older woman, living in the family home, not wanting to give it up, yet needing a bit of money, baby sitting and telephone soliciting need not be your sole hope for additional income. That very house you live in, so full of memories, can go right on being a center of activity, and, at the same time, keep you happily busy, give you a satisfying feeling of "doing something" for others, and keep you financially solvent.

Try this widow's ingenious plan. Although not unusually pretentious, her home had a com-

fortably large living room and dining area, a well-equipped kitchen, and a lovely garden. Her china, crystal, and silver were also in good supply, and of considerable charm. How many people would envy her these facilities? Many! She could inaugurate and support a profitable enterprise by making her home available for others who wanted a place to entertain other than a club or restaurant, yet could not manage the affair in their own limited quarters. Apartment house dwellers, bachelors, those living in temporary and inade-

quate housing projects, committees, small clubs, teen-age groups—there are many who would be grateful to have a centrally located, gracious place where they could entertain, or meet—a homey place free from the hurried, harried feeling often evidenced in a regular commercial restaurant.

The widow turned over the living, dining, and kitchen areas, as well as a bedroom for a powder room. Her supply of linens, silver, and other table appointments was available, and adequate for most events. Any hostess, however, was free to augment or replace them with her own if she so desired. In the summer, many groups preferred to meet in the garden to enjoy the fun of a barbecue.

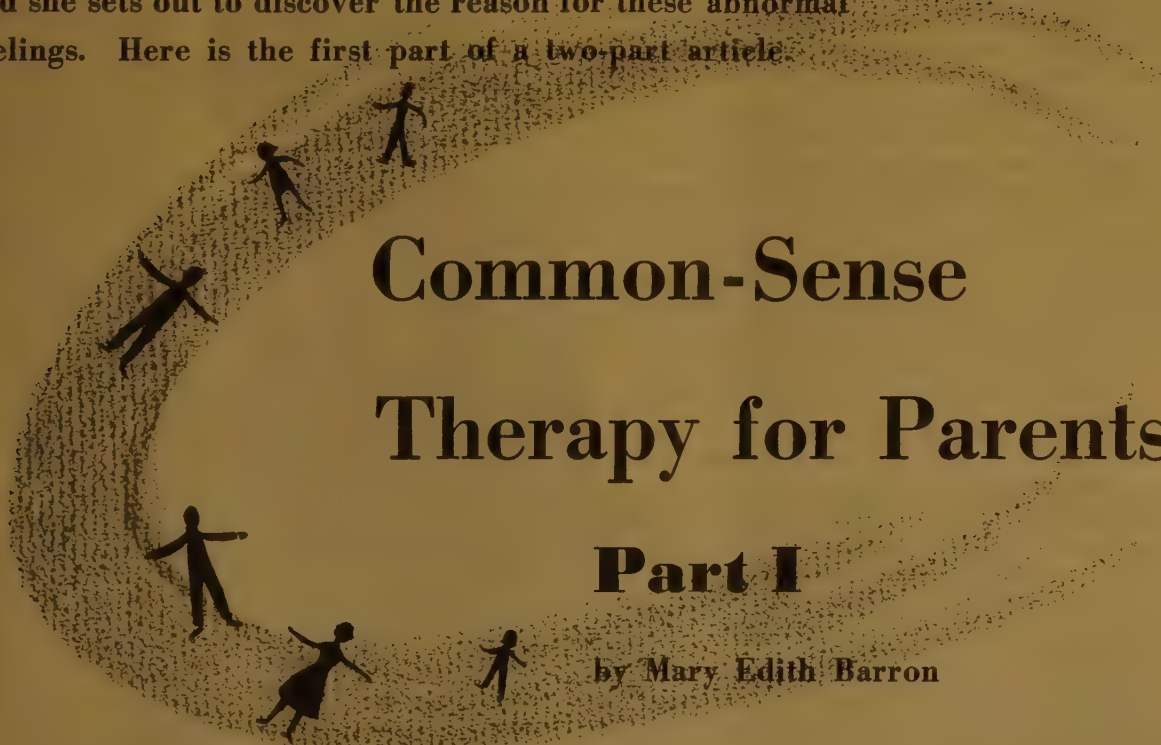
When asked to do so, the widow gladly donated her services. Meal preparation was usually done by the hostess or someone whom she hired to cater for the affair, although the widow often helped with the making of punch, sandwiches, etc. Often she was included in the festivities as a welcomed assistant to the hostess, to fill in at bridge, or to chaperone a group of younger people.

Her charges varied, according to the size of the group, the amount of facilities they used, and the amount of preparation and clean up involved. The average, however, was from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. I suspect "ability to pay" sometimes entered into the arrangements, too!

Not only has this business been financially successful; it has also kept the woman busily and happily active, as important in a way, as the actual money!

by Helen Houston Boileau

This is "must" reading for all parents. A mother discovers that her young son fears that he will kill someone, and she sets out to discover the reason for these abnormal feelings. Here is the first part of a two-part article.



Common-Sense Therapy for Parents

Part I

by Mary Edith Barron

I was wearily leafing through a magazine when I heard eight-year-old Roddy crying. "Mo-ther!" he called through dry, desperate tears.

Rushing to his side, I found him sitting in bed frantically pounding his chest. "I don't want to do it! . . . You know I don't want to do it!" he wailed ominously.

"Do what, dear?" I asked, striving for calmness.

"I don't want to murder anyone," he said.

"Of course you don't," I agreed. "What are you talking about?"

"I feel like I might kill somebody, and I don't want to," Roddy confessed helplessly.

"Kill somebody!" I repeated despairingly. Instinctively, I came to his defense. "Our Roddy couldn't hurt anyone; he's too gentle and well-behaved! Besides, he has a distinguishing sense of right and wrong."

Yet I had read of horrifying acts committed by children, such as the boy who pushed his little sister into the river, just to watch her drown, and the older child who shoved the younger into a bakery refrigerator, slammed the door, and ran away. Surely, the parents of these had no idea that their darlings would ever become killers. Hadn't I read that people with homicidal tendencies were often otherwise normal?

I am not given to dramatization, and I had seen enough of Roddy's imaginative exhibitions to know that this was no fake. He was serious; he was suffering. I tried in vain to recall what might have upset him. My husband, Wayne, had settled a mild disagreement between him and his brother Arland,

age three. I tucked the boys into their beds, heard their prayers, and kissed them goodnight. They protested when I dispensed with their usual talk-the-day-over time, but I was firm. Week-long guests were gone, and we all needed rest. With sudden inspiration I said, "That program we saw on television tonight has upset you. Even one cowboy program a week is too much for you."

"Oh, no, Mother," Roddy objected. "It wasn't television. It was that terrible book I saw at the grocery."

I had forgotten. I did send Roddy to the nearby supermarket before dinner.

"There a new bookstand beside the vegetables," he explained. "But I didn't read the books, Mother. I just looked at the covers a minute, and that's when I saw that awful one called *The Simple Art of Murder!*"

"The simple art of murder!" I gasped. "What will they print next?"

I visualized Roddy standing fascinated and frozen before this forbidden section. I pictured what he thought! "Learn to be a murderer in five easy lessons. It takes no more effort than making a salad or baking a cake." I felt sick to hear that supermarkets were selling crime suggestions with vegetables—good food for our stomachs, poison for our minds!

"Now, Roddy," I counseled impatiently, "you know perfectly well that murder isn't an art. That cover you saw is just a tricky scheme to sell some book. Besides, nobody is ever going to make you do anything wrong that you don't want to do."

From his bedroom Wayne had been listening. "Why don't you come and sleep with me?" he called. Roddy hesitated, but soon responded to his father's invitation. This reluctance was typical of his attitude toward his dad in recent weeks. He brought all of his little problems to me. In growing concern I spoke of this to Wayne, but he lightly dismissed my apprehension. At my suggestion, however, he was spending more time with Roddy. It was hard, though. Business kept him away six days a week, and Arland monopolized him when he came home.

When our firstborn came into the world, popular child psychologists were admonishing parents not to spoil their babies. We were told to give Roddy his own room, adhere strictly to a schedule provided by his pediatrician, and close the door on his cries. Under this damaging philosophy he was deprived of much attention that should have been his. Five years later, after Arland came, the experts reversed their advice. Personal attention became the watchword. We tried to keep up with the professionals, and Arland never conformed to anything. He was cuddly, but demanding.

My practical mother, who successfully reared ten children of her own, had her opinions of child psychologists, and she often shared them with me. "It's all right to listen to lectures and read books and articles about how to raise children," Mother conceded. "But just remember that it's usually some other child they're talking about. Youngsters differ. Children don't need experts so much as they need love, understanding, and just plain common sense from those who brought them into this world." Hearing Mother and seeing the difference in our boys made me wonder who the specialists really were.

As soon as Roddy was sure that Wayne was asleep, he was up again. I sent him to his bed and sat beside him. In the half-light his blond head looked thin and lost in the soft whiteness of the pillow. "Can you remember anything very bad I've ever done?" he asked. Above pale freckles fathomless blue eyes searched mine for consolation.

"Not tonight, dear," I replied. "Can you?"

"Yeah," he confided. "Once Tommy and I put some old cans in somebody's car just for fun." It developed that the prank took place more than a year before.

Roddy's fear and guilt complex baffled me, but he found some relief in talking. I told him of a scripture reference that helped me once when I was frightened. We found it in his Bible, and I helped him to memorize it. "For I, the LORD your God hold your right hand; it is I who say to you, 'Fear not, I will help you'" (Isaiah 41:13). When I left Roddy for my own bed, his Bible lay beside him. His right hand rested on the covers where the Almighty could reach it more easily.

In the morning Roddy went to school as usual. The incident seemed forgotten until late afternoon when I indiscriminately used the word "kill."

Photo by erb



"Roddy had always been a normal, well-behaved boy . . . yet I had read of horrifying acts committed by children. Hadn't I read that people with homicidal tendencies were often otherwise normal?"

"Mother, don't ever use that word again!" he pleaded. Then he voluntarily gave me his Cub Scout knife and asked me to hide it from him.

When we were alone in the evening, Wayne confessed that Roddy's strange behavior had troubled him all day. Again Roddy sought comfort in sleeping with his Bible beside him. This time I noticed a rabbit's foot on top of it. He made doubly sure of protection.

The next day I visited the supermarket. The manager took the pocket books in question off the stand after he heard my story. The copy he gave me is still buried under the lingerie in my dressing table drawer. The story, written by Raymond Chandler, erudite writer of detective tales, is not so objectionable (if you like murder tales), as the misleading title and book cover.

With the evidence of Roddy's disturbance in mind, I dubiously phoned our pediatrician, hoping he could give me some normal explanation for this abnormal conduct. His nurse reported that he was busy with an emergency and would be in only for a few minutes all day. I was too upset to wait; so

I told my story to the nurse to relay to our doctor for advice. "Doctor thinks you should see a psychiatrist," the nurse said. "Only in extreme cases does he ever advise this, and there is only one child psychiatrist in town that he will recommend. This one is sensible . . ."

Disappointed, I reluctantly jotted down the name of the sensible psychiatrist. Maybe he wasn't the smug echoist of textbook patter that my mother pictured, but even I mentally balked at the idea of a child of mine keeping appointments day after day to be queried by a stranger. Remembering my intimate talks with Roddy, I asked, "What can a psychiatrist do that we can't?"

"Why, he'll get at the bottom of this," the nurse answered, appalled at my ignorance. "He'll find out where your child's thinking has been twisted."

I went to Wayne's office and told him what I had done. "Now, honey, I don't think this warrants calling in a psychiatrist," he said. "We don't want

to make a problem out of Roddy." But he was uneasy, just as I was.

So I phoned. "Doctor has an opening one week from today," the psychiatrist's nurse told me. "He can see the parents for fifteen minutes on that date. Then there is an opening for the child in two weeks."

"Two weeks!" I protested. "My child needs help now."

"I'm sorry," the nurse said. "Do you want the appointment?"

"Yes . . . yes, I'll take it," I replied helplessly.

But this sobered me. If anyone as disinterested as that psychiatrist could be sensible enough to solve Roddy's problem, why couldn't we? I had sought professional sources of advice and these failed; so I turned to my own resources. What can there be in Roddy's brief history to contribute to his fear of committing murder? I asked myself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



**THIS
IS THE WAY
WE DID IT**

Learning How to Share

by Rosalie W. Doss

Every time we took five-year-old Ann to call on a family where there was another child near her own age, there was sure to be trouble over toys. Ann would insist on monopolizing a toy that was new to her; and the other child would become indignant because the visitor was using his toys too possessively.

We solved this problem by having Ann take along one of her own toys that could be shared with the child whom she was going to visit. I would suggest, "Ann, would you like to take along your new puzzle and let Johnny help you put it together?" Or "Would you like to take along your new book of paper dolls and share them with Jane?"

Ann was always pleased at the idea of taking along something of her own to share. It made her feel important. And it paved the way for a much pleasanter friendship with the other child. It made the little host or hostess much

more willing for Ann to enjoy his or her toys, too.

In taking along a toy to share, you should remember that it must be something that is more fun for two or more children to play with than one. Little girls enjoy sharing paper dolls, color books, ball and jacks, games, and puzzles. Little boys like games and puzzles, too, as well as building blocks of various types.

Taking along a toy to share will soon establish the fact in your child's mind that it is fun to share.

Playing with toys that are fun to share has also taught our small daughter how to treat little guests who come to call on us. She is always ready to invite, "Come to my playroom, and I will show you a game we can play together."

We have also found it fun to share our picnic snack when we go to the park for a romp. Ann always takes along a few extra cookies and paper cups. She makes sure that I pour a little more fruit juice into our thermos. These are

to be shared with two little girls who come to the park with their mothers about the same time we do every day.

Small children also have to learn how to share the people they love. Often when I sit down to read a story to Ann, I ask, "Would you like to invite Billy over to share your story?" Or when her daddy takes her to the zoo, he often asks, "Would you like to invite Joanie to come with us?" This often makes a little more work for the parents; but it is worth the extra effort, for it teaches a young child how pleasant and rewarding it is to share treats and new experiences with other children. It also teaches the child that it is fun to share the company of his parents with his little friends.

When pre-schoolers learn to share in this way, they will have much less trouble getting adjusted when they start to school. They will be ready for happy friendships with their little contemporaries.

by Marion Rubinstein

"Miss Dolly"

"Miss Dolly sees more without eyes than most people do with two eyes."

This is the manner in which most of Greater Miami and much of Florida describe Miss Dolores Gamble, the blind woman with the gentle voice and the great heart who is chairman of the board of directors of the Mary King School for Mentally Retarded Children.

In order to tell adequately about this white-haired woman who brings hope and educational progress to the mentally retarded children at the Mary King School in Miami, it will be necessary to go back to the time when "Miss

Dolly" was ten years old. It was then that she had an operation on her eyes, which left her totally blind. As a result of the shock Dolly lost the beautiful singing voice which had endeared her to all of the members of her church.

Her wise mother diverted the child's talents to writing music. Then, as Dolly grew older, her mother encouraged her to write children's stories. The two skills resulted in a teaching position in a private school owned by Miss Bertha Foster, now Dean of Music at the University of Miami.

Several years later Miss Dolly established a local Lighthouse for

the Blind, and in 1935 she was appointed to the Florida State Commission for the Blind.

In this position she began to "see" things others did not. Her insight prompted her to fight for legislation which enabled the blind to receive financial aid after school age. When the Social Security Law was written, it was Miss Dolly who waged the inclusion of the clause which provides that aid be given to the blind without forcing them to wait until they reach 65 years of age.

Following her service on the Florida State Commission for the Blind, Miss Dolly returned to her music. One day after the Rotary Club had heard her play the piano at one of its meetings, she persuaded it to accept the Lighthouse for the Blind as one of its projects.

With the Lighthouse in capable hands, the 58-year-old blind woman was able to take on a new project. She was able to give assistance to Mrs. Mildred Labuzan, who had founded the Mary King School for Mentally Retarded Children to take care of her own daughter.

For ten years Mrs. Labuzan had searched the country with heartbreaking thoroughness to find a school which gave "more than custodial" care to mentally retarded children and yet which was not too expensive.

When Miss Dolly became acquainted with her, Mrs. Labuzan had been carrying the heavy burden of her unique and much-needed school for nine years. It was becoming too great a job for just one person, especially since Mrs. Labuzan wanted to do so much for the children.

Miss Dolly saw other mothers and fathers, who, like Mrs. Labuzan, had searched endlessly to find

An arts class for older children is held outdoors.



Gamble

Photos by Marion Rubinstein

Although she is blind,
she aids mentally re-
tarded children.

the right kind of school for their child at a fee they could afford. One of these mothers is now superintendent of the school. Another was Mrs. William Elliott, who had been looking for a school for five years.

In January, 1952, Miss Dolly reorganized the Mary King School for Mentally Retarded Children with the help of these and other parents.

Today there are nineteen children in the school, fourteen of whom are boarders. The Mary King School is run on the basis of true understanding of children. Many humane touches have been added to the regular school curriculum, such as permanents, bright colored hair ribbons, and pretty dresses for the girls, attractive drapes for the windows, wicker furniture for the living room, and a piano piled high with music of all kinds. There are special treats for the pupils ranging from personal birthday parties for each child to holiday celebrations and group attendance at outside events like the circus. According to Miss Dolly the affection felt for the children is the most important feature of the school.

No matter how busy a member of the professional staff or a volunteer worker is, she stops to return the hug and kiss of the child.

While there is sufficient emphasis placed on the external things which bring pleasure to a child's heart, there is equal emphasis placed on the spiritual. Although there is no definite form of religion or religious training, the children are made aware of God and his compassion.

At mealtime the children bow their heads and follow Mrs. Geise in a prayer which goes like this: God is great, God is good. Lord,

we thank Thee for all this thy food.

In one of the classes Mrs. Labuzan told the children, "God gives us our bodies so we can learn to use our eyes, ears, nose, and mouth. Our skin is to feel with, and then inside our heads our brain is to think with."

Mrs. Labuzan then led the children in the prayer which she had taught them. "We thank thee God for making us so we can hear and feel and see, and since these dear gifts come from you, we'll use them as you want us to."

When this prayer was finished, the children discussed with Mrs. Labuzan how they could use these individual gifts from God.

The religious training of the children is the easiest task with which Mrs. Labuzan and her staff are faced. According to Mrs. Labuzan some of the children who come to the school have been hope-



All the things that normal children have to make them happy are given to these mentally retarded children, who live at and attend the Mary King School for Mentally Retarded Children in Miami, Florida. Here "Miss Dolly" Gamble, blind chairman of the board of directors, presents the children with a puppy.



lessly spoiled by their parents and have been allowed to indulge in any kind of food they wanted to eat, at any time and with very distressing personal habits.

"Our job is to teach them to eat a well-balanced meal and to develop good table manners," she said. "They need to get used to the routine of eating and sleeping regularly. As soon as possible, we teach them to bathe and dress themselves, which is often very painstaking and sometimes takes many months to accomplish.

"Help in this task is given by praising everything the child does. From the small things they progress to something more complicated. These children have to be taught to take directions accu-

ately, to take turns, to be good losers, to be polite, and to be conscious of what is involved in good health and safety," said Mrs. Labuzan.

Housekeeping and gardening duties, as well as simple chores, are found for the children. "We try to maintain a homelike setting, but in order to be successful as a school the children have to be taught many things that normal children learn of their own accord.

"They have to be encouraged to play on the equipment and to do other things to develop their large muscles. In the schoolroom we use many appropriate devices to improve coordination of finer muscles so the children can learn to think."

Here Mrs. Labuzan stopped to explain that the meaning of words has to be taught, because many of the children do not know what the most ordinary direction like "stand up" means when they first come to the school.

Music is used in many ways as a teaching device, Mrs. Labuzan said, paying tribute to the efforts of Miss Dolly. As she was talking about it, a group of children came by and herded the blind woman to the piano, insisting that she play for them. They sang the songs and the hymns she played. Later, she presided as the conductor of their "orchestra," wielding a baton that first saw life as a ruler, while the children clapped, banged, jingled, and sawed away on their homemade instruments.

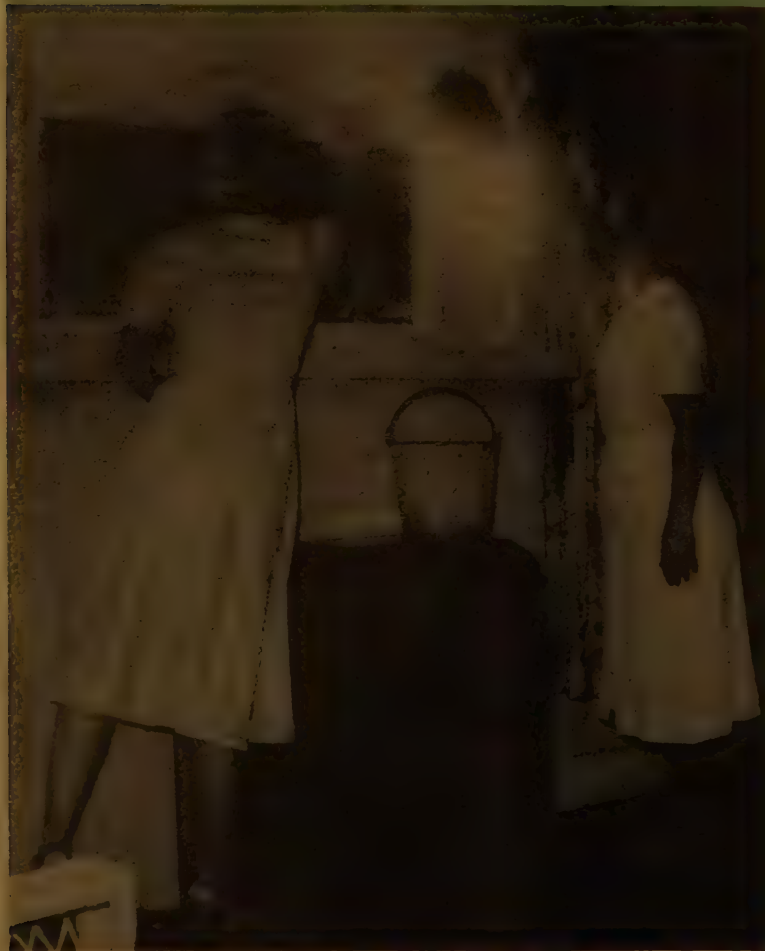
"Singing, marching, clapping, and dancing to their rhythm band are teaching devices that we use," explained Mrs. Labuzan. "The children are also encouraged to identify colors, objects, and shapes, as well as pictures and symbols which we need as a basis of reading.

"We give as much of the foundation of the basic academic skills in proportion to the mental ability of each child as we think feasible for the general welfare of each," Mrs. Labuzan concluded.

That this curriculum has been successful is evidenced in the fact that some of the pupils have had their I.Q.'s raised from 20 to 53 in the period of one year, Miss Dolly pointed out. "Everything a child does here is from habit and not from line of reasoning."

Deprecating her own efforts entirely, the blind woman paid tribute not only to Mrs. Labuzan, the director, Mrs. Geise, the superintendent, and other mothers and fathers who do much of the menial work, but also to a group of young businessmen who, with true Christian spirit, have "adopted" the children and devote all their spare time to the school. They are the Sigma Tau Phi, a businessmen's fraternity, with John C. Wilson, a telegraphic engineer, as president of the Miami group and vice-president of the national chapter.

Mothers do much of the heavy work at the school.



Miss Dolly, who saw that the experiences of the Miami group of parents who have worked so untiringly to make the Mary King School for Mentally Retarded Children the humanitarian and Christian effort that it is, could serve as an example for other communities with the same problem. She offers a pattern which any community can follow.

1. Meet, organize, and get legal advice.
2. Write to the National Association for guidance.
3. Determine your own needs.
4. Decide whether you want a day school or a boarding school.
5. Get some sort of permanent building.
6. Get a teacher who will set a training pattern. "One with special education or psychology training," added Miss Dolly. "Usually parents are too emotional, but we've been lucky in getting two sensible parents like Mrs. Labuzan and Mrs. Geise."

7. Follow advice given by the National Association. Usually, a boarding school is best because:

(a) A child does better in a protected environment.

(b) It allows the home to proceed normally.

8. Choose your staff with an eye on two things:

(a) Capability to do the job

(b) A deep love for children.

The love for children should really come first, Miss Dolly feels.

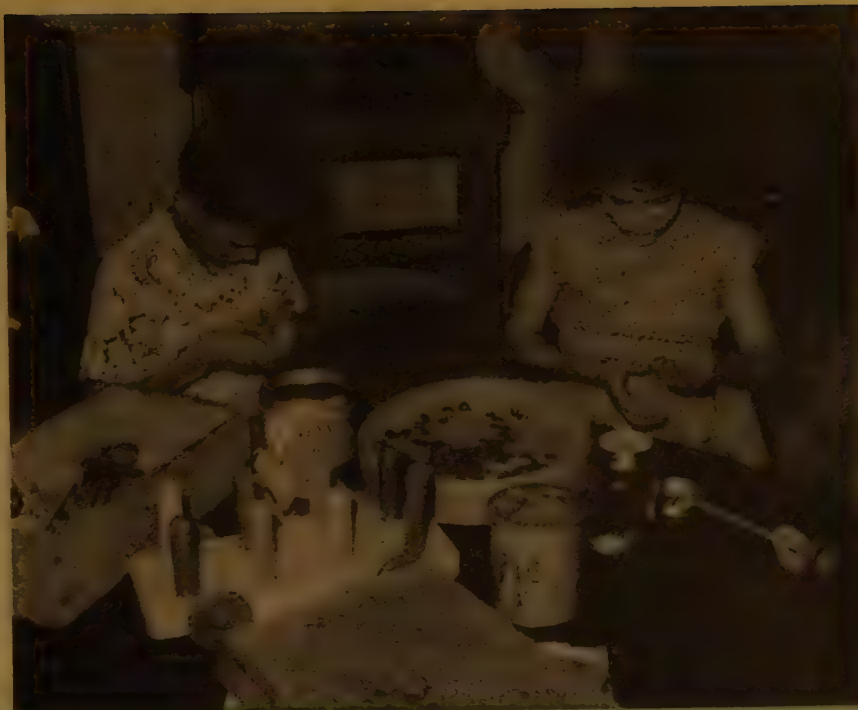
For ten children the following personnel are needed: two house mothers, one professional teacher, one cook, and one maid.

9. Equipment needed:

(a) High fence with lots of room to play in

(b) Safe playground equipment

(c) As much stationary equipment as possible, because children throw it over the fence and up trees. The furniture should be durable and not too cluttered. It should be bright, colorful, and practical. Music of all kinds—a piano, a victrola, or a radio is essential. It is the prime way of reaching these children. Educa-



These children have been advanced to working without supervision. This activity is for better co-ordination.

tional toys should be simple. The kitchen equipment should be of the usual kind. Set up the entire school according to the standards of your state.

10. Good food. This is the most important factor, because the child's mental health depends upon his physical condition.

"To all this you add love," advised blind Miss Dolly, who pointed to one four-year-old child who, in only six weeks, has been transformed from a "spoiled brat who ate like a little animal to a well-behaved, affectionate, adorable child." With this love Miss Dolly pointed out, there must also be "great patience tempered with firmness."

If these rules are followed by mothers and fathers who are willing to work, doing everything they can to help the professional staff, the cost to each parent can be brought down to figures set by the Miami group. This is \$65 a month for a day student and \$100 a month for a boarding student. The usual fee for a good boarding

school for a mentally retarded child is \$1000 a month, Mrs. Labuzan and Mrs. Geise discovered in their search throughout the country.

The same question that may have arisen in the minds of parents of mentally retarded children came to me, and I asked, "What chance is there of these children adjusting to the normal world?"

"A good chance," answered Miss Dolly with her bright, gentle smile. "You saw little Judy?" the blind woman asked. I nodded my head and then remembering her blindness, I answered aloud, "yes."

"When her parents took her home for vacation this summer, they wrote to tell me it was like an answer to a prayer. She behaved well. She never had before. Taking Judy home was something they always dreaded, because she became so emotional in public. So you see, miracles do happen when there is faith and love," said the blind woman who can see better without eyes than most people can who are sighted.

The Rise and Fall

--of a very small
danseuse



"How do you do?"

This little lady is all smiles—and why shouldn't she be? After all, she's adorned in the latest word in costumes, and there's a very appreciative audience (composed of Mom Dad, and assorted relatives) waiting for her to make her debut.

None of this mambo, cha cha cha, or rock 'n' roll for her! No indeed! She's going to surprise everyone with her own creation. See how easy it is? First you stand on your toes. Then, you pirouette daintily and then twirl around very fast and—woops!

"O dear me! I must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. I wasn't supposed to fall on my face like this. Now, they'll all say that I'm an 'enfant terrible.' What a disgrace!"

Photos by Lillian Kaplan



Introductory speech



Performance

Swan song



Worship in the family with children

TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

A Mountain Vacation

"Where shall we spend our vacation this year?" Daddy asked one evening.

"Let's go to Grandmother's," Virginia said. "We always have a lot of fun there."

"Let's go to New York," Tom said. "I'd like to see new things."

"Let's go to the ocean," Bill said. "We've never seen the ocean long enough to swim and fish in it."

"Let's go to Uncle Jim's farm,"

Ralph said. "Riding horses is the best fun there is!"

"Let's all go together," Little Beth added quietly.

"You have all talked at once," Daddy said, "and I think you did not hear Beth. If everyone insists on his idea or plan, we will not be able to go together. Now let's plan together, each one considering what the other suggests."

That is what they did. Each child told why he thought his idea

was a good one. Then Daddy asked, "Is that something we can all do together and enjoy it?" Sometimes it had to be admitted that perhaps only one might enjoy it.

"Mother hasn't said anything," Beth pointed out. "Let's ask her what to do."

"All right, Beth," Daddy said.

"Mother, what do you think?"

"I've been listening to what each of you has said. One wants to see new things; one wants to fish and swim; one wants to have fun; one wants to ride horses. Where could we go so that everyone could do at least some of these things?"

"I know!" Virginia said. "The mountains!"

So the family talked about the mountains. "Then it's settled," Daddy said at last. "We'll all enjoy the mountains and have a good vacation." And they did!

Don Knight



Theme for June Our Vacation

A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

Fun with Grandfather

Sandra and Glenn came running into the house with a letter.

"It's from Grandfather," Glenn said, waving the letter as he ran. "Read it to us so we can go back outside to play!"

Mother wiped her hands and took the letter. She sat down, a child on either side, and opened the letter.

"Dear Mary," Mother read, "I should like to come and spend part of the summer with you if it does not interfere with any plans you and the family have made. I do not care to go off on a vacation trip alone, and I'd rather spend time with you in the summer when the children are out of school.

"If you have planned a trip or some other activity, please do not let me stop you. I will not make final plans until I hear from you. Love, Dad."

"Whoopee," Glenn shouted, as he jumped from the couch. "We haven't planned a thing. So Grandfather can come."

"Yes, it suits us very well, since Daddy wants to paint the house on his vacation. I shall write to Grandfather at once."

"Tell him to be sure to bring

his ukulele with him," Sandra said as she and Glenn started out the door.

In a short time Mother had another letter from Grandfather saying he would arrive in two weeks.

"We will have a lot to do before Grandfather comes," Mother said. "I must give the guest room a good cleaning. Both of you can help me with that. I will let you plan for the things that you think that Grandfather would want in his room."

When the work was all done, Glenn and Sandra began to plan.

"He will need writing paper in the desk," Sandra said. "He likes to write letters, you know."

Glenn nodded. "And he will want a Bible here on the table by his bed," he added.

"I think we should put a rocking chair over there by the window," Sandra said. "Sometimes when other boys and girls come in, we get pretty noisy. That disturbs him when he wants to read. Let's ask Mother if we may."

Mother agreed. So a rocking chair was brought into the room.

"Now if the days will just hurry, Grandfather will be here,"

Glenn said happily.

At last the day came. Everyone went to meet Grandfather's train. Everyone talked at once on the way home.

The days passed quickly. Sometimes Grandfather told stories. Sometimes he went to the park with the children. Sometimes they took walks. One day it rained, and they could not go on the picnic they had planned.

"We'll have a picnic anyway," Grandfather said. He went to his room and came back with his ukulele and two packages. One was big and bulky. One was small. He handed the small package to Glenn, and the big one to Sandra.

Glenn opened his. It was a harmonica. Sandra opened hers.

"What is it?" both children asked.

"It is an autoharp," Grandfather said, and showed Sandra how to play it. In a short time, the three of them were playing together.

"This is more fun than any picnic," Glenn said. "You always know how to help us have good times, Grandfather." And he did!

Clark and Clark

When I Think of God

I like to watch the rain come down,
And splatter on the window sill;
I like the puddles on the ground
And water streaming down the hill.

I like to watch the sun shine
through
The branches of the maple trees;
And I wonder how shady spots
Move on the ground with every breeze.

At night I like to watch the stars,
And clouds so high, when it is day;
It makes me feel how great God is,
I'm sure he is not far away.

—Anna Waggoner Carr



FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

Call to Worship:

I lift up my eyes to the hills.
From whence does my help come?
My help comes from the LORD,
Who made heaven and earth.

—Psalm 121:1-2

Song: Use a favorite song or choose from among the following: "All Things Bright and Beautiful," primary pupil's book for year two, spring quarter, page 6; "For the Beauty of the Earth," page 8, or "God Made Us a Beautiful World," page 18, of the primary pupil's book, year three, summer quarter.

Poem: Use one of the poems printed on these pages or choose from the following: "A Prayer for Home," primary pupil's book, year one, spring quarter, page 45; "A Prayer," primary pupil's book, year two, winter quarter, page 44; "I Love God's Tiny Creatures," primary pupil's book, year two, spring quarter, page 5.

Story: Read aloud the story printed on page 18 or 19, or "Everything Beautiful in Its Time," primary pupil's book, year two, spring quarter, beginning on page 3.

Meditation: Plan your own meditation based on the call to worship, on your favorite passage of scripture about God's world, on one of the poems, on the story; or use the following: God has planned all things for our good. There are times of rest when we can relax and renew our strength so that we can do better work or study. Whatever we do for vacations should refresh and strength us—not tire us physically, mentally, or emotionally. When our vacations leave us feeling worse than when we started, they are a poor kind. When they leave us feeling rested and glad to return to work or to school, they are a good kind.

Prayer: Use the litany, "Our Vacation," on this page, or "God Is Near," primary pupil's book, year three, fall quarter, page 18.

Everywhere Beauty

There is beauty in the mountains
With shadows like small hills.
There is beauty in all forms of trees,
And golden daffodils.

There is beauty in the bird songs
As the notes bounce merrily
There is beauty in a sunset
That God paints for you and me.

—Donna Lee John
(Age 12)

Our Vacation

On Sunday we went to Grandma's house,
Our Grandpa showed us a wee dear mouse—
With pointed ears all lined with pink,
And beadlike eyes as black as ink.

Grandma said, "*I'm glad for vacations.*"

On Tuesday we went to the cool seashore,
And gathered shells—a million or more.
Mummy built sand castles with bridges and moats,
While Daddy made driftwood sailing boats.

Mummy said, "*I'm glad for vacations.*"

Today we went to the big city zoo,
And saw polar bears and a kangaroo.
We watched the monkeys swing and slide,
Then went for a TWENTY CENT pony ride.

We all said, "*Thank you, God, for vacations.*"

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

God Planned a Day Just Right

God planned a day just right;
He planned for first the light
With rain or shining sun
And hours and hours for fun,
And then He planned the night
With darkness soft and deep,
A quiet time for sleep;
God planned a day just right.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

Geodge Harmon



The Little Samaritan

by H. N. Ferguson

The sun was not yet up, but daylight came early these summer mornings. Calvin Abbott was awake with the birds. He dressed quickly and slipped out the front door, careful not to wake his parents. They always liked to sleep a little later than usual on Sunday mornings.

Old Tip, the dog, was waiting for him as he stepped onto the porch. Together they headed for the far south pasture to bring in the cows for milking.

This was Calvin's favorite time of day. He liked the first stirring of the early morning breeze as it rustled through the oak trees. Every bush and blade of grass was freshly bathed with the night's dew. The trilling song of the birds broke the stillness as they joyously ushered in the new day. Underfoot the dust on the cow-path lay in a thick blanket and felt like soft velvet as it squashed through his toes. A cottontail, just getting settled in its burrow for a nap after a night of frolicking in the orchard, was startled

by Tip and scurried away. Tip bounded in pursuit. Overhead a squirrel chattered angrily, and Calvin tossed a stick at it. He grinned as it shot into a hole in the tree, its tail plume flying like a banner.

Soon the two reached the pasture where old Tip rounded up the cows and they started for home. When they were safely in the milk lot, Calvin shut the gate and walked toward the granary where he knew there was a nest of tiny mice still too young to have their eyes open. Before he reached there, however, he heard his mother call, "Hurry, son, breakfast is waiting!" Changing course, he went to the house.

After breakfast he and his father did the milking, and then young Calvin returned to his room to get ready for Sunday church school.

When he was dressed, he set off down the country lane to the New Home Church, almost a mile away. His parents would follow later,

(Continued on page 28)



Illustration by Natalie Roten

Fun with Family

by Helen Giorgi

"Two rocks, one nail, a bell, two empty spools, three rubber bands," I enumerated, dropping the objects one by one onto the coffee table for my husband's inspection. "Guess where I found them!"

"That's a cinch," he grinned. "In the pockets of Lanny's jeans. Our boy is a born collector."

"So is his father!" I was visualizing a basement clutter of outdated mechanic magazines, scraps of wood, and other hodgepodge, long overdue at the city dump.

Such disorganized accumulations are the despair of homemakers; but for those with enough vision to see beyond the annoying aspects of collecting, "organized accumulating" offers a limitless reservoir of family fun.

Eighteen years ago, as newlyweds, Vince and I hitched our family wagon to a strong collecting tendency and galloped away into rich fields of recreation, education, and worship. Occasionally, we blundered into a dead-end byway and had to backtrack in search of a more suitable route; but all in all, it has been an exciting journey.

Every bend of the road revealed an unforgettable scene: the springtime discovery of a dark-eyed Filipina doll at a county fair; summer hours at the beach, salvaging satin-smooth driftwood and scalloped sea shells; autumn treks across sun-browened hills, where a treasure of golden leaves was ours for the taking; winter nights around the kitchen table, enjoying a delicious concoction of laughter, popcorn, and scrapbook-making. For injecting a genuine spirit of adventure into family life, you can't beat family collecting.

Nature Collections

Nature is the logical starting point. At an early age, a child employs his fresh young senses in exploring every facet of the thrilling outdoor world, and alert parents will discern a definite growth pattern in these explorations.

The pre-schooler scampers in from the garden, clutching a leaf to show his mother; the kindergartner shows her the leaf and wants to save it; the first grader shows her the leaf, wants to save it, and asks why it has lines on it.

Collections



Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

How natural it is to tell the pre-schooler, "God made the leaf; let's thank him for it. Thank you, God, for the pretty leaf." With the kindergartner, the moment of worship may be followed by the suggestion, "There are other kinds of leaves in our garden; would you like to find them and place them in a box?" With the first grader, we add, "Perhaps we can find a book at the library which tells the names of trees and how they grow."

Whether the first interest springs from a leaf in a garden, a sea shell at the beach, or a pine cone in the mountains is not important; but the moment of wonder is. Drop whatever you are doing, and sit down beside your child. Here is an irretrievable opportunity for introducing him to God, Creator of the beautiful, orderly word of nature. In later years, on the foundation of your simple words, he may build a belief in the importance of following God's plan for his life, so that it may be beautiful and orderly too.

The lifespan of a nature collection should depend solely on the child's interest in it. A collection of sea shells might inspire one child to a life-long passion for biology, while another might find only a few months' interest there and move on to a collection better suited to his individual talents.

Historical Collections

A waning interest in a nature collection is frequently an indication of a child's readiness for an historical collection. Here, parents need to be particularly careful that their own enthusiasms are not propelling the child into a hobby beyond his understanding.

Arnold Arnold's book, *How to Play with Your Child* (Ballantine Books, New York) contains a comprehensive list of play experiences for children at each age-level, and suggests that valuable collections such as stamps and coins be reserved for children who are at least nine years of age. At that age, children are particularly receptive to the lessons in geography and history which are worth-while by-products of these collections.

When a young Air Force pilot gave our son three Indian head pennies and remarked, "If you start collecting coins now, they may sell for enough to put you through college someday," he plunged our family into a hobby that has rewarded us far beyond the mere joy of accumulating coins.

Lanny was amazed at the number of friends and relatives who generously contributed coins to his collection. His great Uncle Ed came into town by bus every few weeks, carrying a half-pint jar of old

Shell collecting is the hobby that unites this family. Any worth-while hobby, however, which interests every member of the family, helps to enrich and unify family life.



Photo by erb

coins. "Take out what you need for your collection," he would say, "and divide the remainder between you and your sister for spending money." A child's spirit unfolds like a lovely flower when it is nurtured by such evidences of love and friendship.

Shortly after Lanny's venture into coin collecting his grandfather presented him with an 1865 Indian head penny. "I reckon you're reliable enough to take care of this now," Grandpa said. "Your great-grandmother saved this penny because it was minted the year she was born."

"Thanks, Grandpa. I'll take real good care of it," Lanny promised gravely. When the coin rested securely in a folder, he asked, "What else happened that year, Grandpa?"

"Let's get the *World Almanac* and find out." Grandpa pulled the fat, paperback volume from the bookcase, and we all listened with interest as he informed Lanny of the two most important historical events of 1865, the assassination of President Lin-

coln and the abolition of slavery.

That *World Almanac* has grown dog-eared as the coin collection has increased; and when Lanny shows his coins, a running monologue usually accompanies the exhibition: "This is a 1905 penny, minted the year Henry Ford organized his motor company," or "This 1934 nickel came out the year the Philippine Islands were granted independence."

World Friendship

Collections of foreign dolls, foreign coins, and foreign stamps bring the color and excitement of far-away lands into a home. When our Della found a Finnish doll under the Christmas tree one year, her brother ran for his world globe and ferreted out the diminutive country on it. For weeks after, both of the children bombarded us with questions about the customs and dress of the people of Finland.

Subsequent additions of dolls from Poland, Mexico, and the Philippines have conducted us on a lei-

For "Fun with Family Collections"

Study Guide

I. Leader's Preparation

Keep your purpose always in mind: That the parents in your study group may realize the value of family collecting in creating a closer relationship between themselves and their children and in providing opportunities for education and worship.

Read Colossians 3:12-17, and ask God's blessing on your preparations and on the parents who will attend the meeting.

Urge all members of your parents' group to secure a copy of *Hearthstone* and read the article before the meeting.

From the public library, secure the books listed under "Resource Materials" (or similar books) and place them on a table at your meeting. If you are able to set up an exhibit of collec-

tions, this will add considerable interest to the table.

Invite a director of Christian education and a public school teacher to your meeting to assist you in answering questions and guiding the discussion.

Ask one of the parents to prepare the worship service for the close of the meeting. (See section II—*Conducting the Meeting*.)

Have a blackboard and chalk ready and pencils and paper for the parents.

If the group is not too large, arrange the chairs in a circle, or plan to sit at a table. Members of a group are more responsive to discussion when they are seated in this way.

II. Conducting the Meeting

Encourage the early arrivals to inspect the books on the table and the ex-

hibits. As they begin drifting to their seats, hand out paper and pencils, suggesting that they list their children's names, ages, and collections. Explain that you are not merely concerned with formal collections, but would like them to list a variety of objects which their children like to save.

State the purpose of the meeting, introduce your special guests, and assure the parents that they are to feel free to ask questions at any time during the discussion.

Because the subject of hobbies is particularly stimulating to family groups, the leader will need to keep the discussion moving along, so that all questions will have been considered during the allotted time.

The meeting may be closed with a brief worship service, led by one of the parents. Colossians 3:12-17 encourages the practice of patience, forgiveness, and harmony, and is a fitting climax to the subject of family collecting. Conclude with prayer: Our Father, help us to view the beauty of thy world through the fresh, unjaded eyes of childhood. Teach us to love our children tenderly and unselfishly as thou dost love us. We pray in the name of the one who said, "Let the children come to me." Amen.

III. Questions for Discussion

1. What do your pre-schoolers collect? (List the suggestions on the board, expanding the list to include leaves, pictures, pine cones, rocks, and shells.)

2. Where can the small child keep his collections?

3. How can these collections help in teaching a child to worship God?

4. Which of these collections can be carried into adult life?

(Continued on page 30)

surely world tour, with countless opportunities for studies in geography and world friendship.

In discussing other races and nationalities, we stress similarities of peoples rather than differences, pointing out such common characteristics as the desire to learn, enjoyment of games, love of God and home and family, and explaining that differences lie in the relatively unimportant areas of clothing, language, and food. In this way, we endeavor to strengthen ties of world friendship and administer an effective antidote to the poisonous race prejudices which endanger the spiritual well-being of our children.

Circle of Love

Ten years from now, Lanny actually may sell his coin collection for enough money to see him through college. Whether he does nor not, our family is certain that the unseen spiritual dividends derived from collecting always outweigh the monetary returns.

How can you estimate the value of a family walk-

ing through mountain meadows to collect wildflowers or chatting happily together while assembling a model aircraft carrier! You can't add up these intangibles in dollars and cents, but they pay off magnanimously in the "legal tender" which enriches families most—love.

During quiet, unspectacular hours of family collecting, mothers and fathers forge an impregnable circle of love, which holds their children secure against the onslaughts of drinking, narcotics, and vandalism that threaten many homes today.

It's difficult to imagine that bugaboo, delinquency, sitting down at a table where a family is lightheartedly pursuing a hobby together. That family has discovered the secret of converting Christian beliefs into action, of building into concrete parent-child relationships the beautiful words of the Bible, "Be-loved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and he who loves is born of God and knows God" (1 John 4:7).

BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A What a dentist learns about --	12 122 41 27 115
B Like the thin man -----	103 15 33 45
C Milk producers -----	49 73 57 125
D Tom, the tiny man -----	35 26 124 53 43
E Place for skating -----	92 118 48 60
F Christmas tree ornaments ----	10 7 119 32 16 8
G Most any animal has four ---	52 102 50 19
H Small place of worship -----	59 36 42 108 2 14
I The outer covering of corn --	101 30 34 81
J Man who shoes horses -----	31 71 24 121 40
K To fall apart suddenly -----	89 6 61 18 94
L When darkness comes -----	55 11 25 120 39
M Number of blind mice in the nursery rhyme -----	66 17 105 28 82
N What George Washington used on the cherry tree -----	67 9 99 80 76 90 3
O Almost -----	47 91 110 44 75
P Well and strong -----	85 5 37 87 4 21 56

Q Made it twice as much -----	46 93 98 1 111 77 106
R Fear -----	112 70 22 86 62
S Shingles are often used to cover it -----	23 104 51 63
T Shaped like the Earth -----	65 123 107 96 83
U Piece of dining room furniture -----	114 54 97 88 68
V In a little while -----	72 29 64 38
W One of the bases of baseball --	74 58 117 113 100
X To serve, as at a table -----	78 69 79 13
Y Bed linen -----	84 109 116 95 20

(Solution on page 28)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22		23	24	25	26	27	28
29		32	33	34		35	36	37	38
39	41		42	43	44	45	46	47	48
	51	52		53	54	55	56		57
58	61	62		63	64	65		66	67
68	70	71	72		73	74		75	76
77	79	80	81	82	83		84	85	86
	89	90		91	92	93	94	95	96
97	99		100	101	102		103	104	105
106	108	109	110	111	112	113		114	115
116	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	

“P.T.”

Career of Compassion

The June night was warm. The caps and gowns of the seniors added to their discomfort; but the words of the speaker rang out with a challenge.

“Decide now, my young friends, and stick to your decision! Will you go out from here to make a living, or will you go out to make a life?”

Following presentation of the diplomas, four husky boys unobtrusively lifted the wheel chair from the platform, wheeling the cerebral palsied graduate from the crowded auditorium.

Not many youngsters afflicted in this way have an opportunity to

receive an education, to become self-respecting and self-supporting. Do those who help make it possible come under the category of making a life?

Very few go into this career simply to make a living! No, there are too many heartaches, too many backaches, and too much giving of oneself! Only those who care, who care enough to do something, could choose this vocation!

Have you ever seen a physical therapist in action? At first, you cringe a bit. Do they have to be so cruel? Such manipulation of injured or diseased muscles surely must be painful! Yet the young-

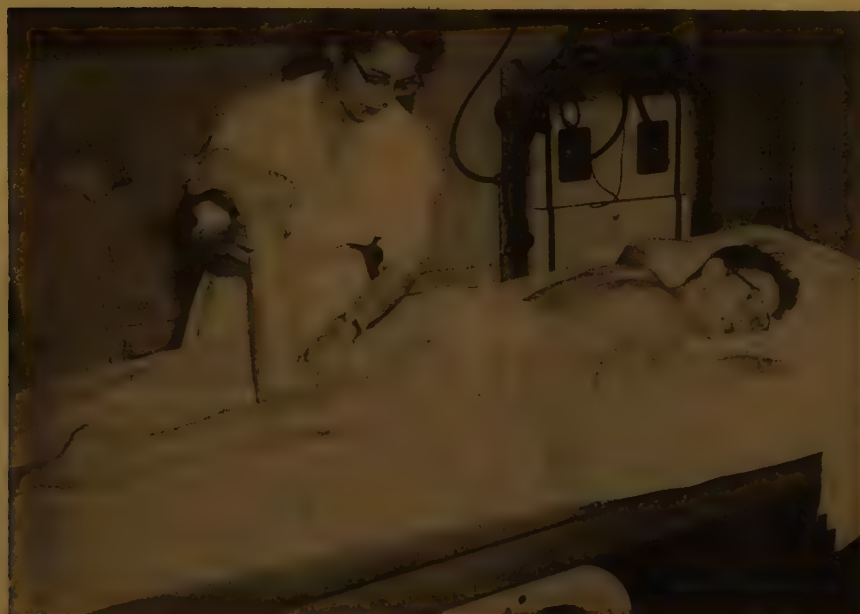
sters rarely complain. In fact, they always look forward to their visit with the “P.T.”

The reasons are many. First, of course, the patient is most anxious to regain the fullest possible use of all his faculties. But there is more. Among the physical therapists whom I have met, there radiates a rare quality of understanding and of inspiration. The successful P.T. has developed “empathy” to the fullest degree, putting herself in the patient’s place, feeling as he feels, now elated with his progress, now discouraged and blue.

The warmhearted, brunette P.T. at the hospital, working overtime during a polio epidemic, ignores weariness and cheerfully applauds the little victories of each patient, as another muscle feebly begins to show evidence of life.

Enthusiasm is a must in any work, but especially so in physical therapy. Without the ability to inspire her patients, a P.T. could never succeed. One P.T., when asked how she acquired this ability, replied, surprised:

“Me? Inspire them? Oh, but I don’t! They inspire me!” So it is, perhaps, a mutual sharing. Nevertheless, an eager desire on



The therapist massages the legs of a polio patient.

by Dorothy E. Prather

Photos from the author

the part of the therapist to help even the most discouraging case serves to "prime the pump."

When the wonderful verdict comes from the doctor, "Well, Tommy, guess we can throw this brace into the junk pile now!" it is hard to tell whose pleasure is greater—that of the bright-eyed boy who dreams of home runs again, or the P.T., whose beaming countenance mirrors her own satisfaction.

Since physical therapy is related to both nursing and physical education, either route may be used as training, with a year of additional work in one of the twenty-three schools approved by the American Medical Association. This course includes studies in anatomy, pathology, physiology, psychology, massage, orthopedics, neurology, and use of physical therapy in medicine.

For candidates with only a high school education, a few schools offer (1) a four-year course leading to a bachelor's degree and a physical therapy certificate, or (2) a three-year course leading to a certificate only.

Duties of the therapist briefly consist of the administration of treatment and diagnostic tests

prescribed by the physician; instruction of patients or families in continuation of treatment in the home; attendance at ward rounds and clinics; demonstration of treatment procedures and correlation of the work of the therapist with the work of other nursing services.

The therapist is trained in the use of massage, exercise, heat application, light, water, or electricity in addition to various mechanical devices.

The opportunities in the field of physical therapy are almost un-

(Continued on page 30)



With the aid of braces and a walker, this little girl is regaining the use of her legs.



Physical therapists help patients to exercise muscles wasted by disease.

● The Little Samaritan

(Continued from page 21)

in time for church services, and they would all come home together afterward.

Calvin was nearly halfway there when he first heard the high-pitched squeal of a little pig. From its tone there could be no doubt that it was in some kind of danger. Mortal fear was evident in every terror-stricken cry it made. Calvin hastened along a little further, and then he could see what was causing the commotion. It was one of Silas Rommer's pigs stuck in a bog hole with only the top of its head showing. It could only be a matter of time until it would be sucked under.

Calvin stopped and deliberated. He had on his best clothes, and he could not afford to ruin them. There was no time to rescue the pig, go home, and change and get to church school before it started. This was his day to take up the collection, and Mrs. Agnew, the teacher of his class, would expect him there on time. Too, Mr. Rommer would not even thank him for saving the pig.

Calvin gave one last glance at the struggling animal, then started on down the road. He had not gone a dozen steps, though, before the pig gave a frantic, almost human scream of such agonizing terror that it stopped Calvin in his tracks. Without even stopping to think, he was over the fence and running toward the bog hole. Hastily slipping out of his shoes and stockings, he rolled up his trouser legs and waded in. It was the work of only a moment to grasp the slippery little pig and set him safely on dry ground where he scampered away still squealing.

Calvin surveyed the damage. He was all covered with mud and his sleeves

and the front of his shirt were splattered. He gathered up his clothing and started back to the road. Halfway to the fence a sixth sense caused him to turn his head. What he saw brought his heart up in his throat. The mother of the little pig was charging toward him. She was 300 pounds of savage fury, her long tusks gleaming in the sun as she sped toward him. Calvin did not hesitate. With a burst of speed he did not know he possessed, he hurtled toward the fence, tossed his clothes over, and leaped for the top strand of wire. He made it safely, but he would never know how.

Gathering up his clothes once more, he cast a speculative look at his would-be attacker and then walked down to a little brook and washed the mud off his feet and legs and put on his shoes and stockings. There was nothing he could do about his muddy shirt.

Church school already had started when he reached the church. He walked into his classroom to be greeted with a shout of laughter. Mrs. Agnew eyed him sternly. "What has happened to you, Calvin?" she asked.

"I pulled a pig out of a hole," explained Calvin shamefacedly. The class roared again.

"Suppose you come up here and tell us all about it," suggested Mrs. Agnew with a touch of sarcasm in her voice.

Hesitantly, Calvin walked to the front of the room. Then he told exactly what had happened and why he had come on to church school in his soiled clothes. The class laughed again when he told about sailing over the fence to escape the wrath of the little pig's mother. But Mrs. Agnew's face had grown soft, and there was a misty look in her eyes.

"Children," she said, when they were quiet again, "I want to tell you another story." Then she told them the old, old tale of the Good Samaritan. When

she had finished the story, she added: "Calvin did for an animal today what the Good Samaritan did so many hundreds of years ago for a fellow human being. He saved a life."

Then turning to Calvin with a smile, she concluded, "I'm sure God would rather you saved the little pig than be on time for church school. Whether man or beast, we are all God's creatures, and when we help anyone or anything, we are doing his work."

The children were not laughing any more. Solemn faced now, they were gazing at Calvin with a new respect in their eyes.

● In His Hands

(Continued from page 7)

needed. Without having to move his lips, his look told her she needn't worry. Everything was going to be fine with Janie. She felt wonderfully lighter, and the tight grip of her hands relaxed.

People sitting near shuffled and stirred, and Ellen looked around. She stood up. Bill was coming now, looking more relaxed and smiling than she had seen him in days. Beside him, Janie walked slowly, but radiant and sure now, a faint tingle of color on her cheeks offsetting the chalk-white of her gown and veil. As they passed the front pew, she turned and gave her mother a smile that sent all Ellen's fears scurrying for the nearest exit.

Bill took his daughter to her place at Dr. Kent's side. Old Dr. Benner's voice began droning, "Dearly beloved . . ." and the last chains around Ellen's heart loosened, letting a peace settle in.

Yes, they could trust Janie to young Dr. Kent's care, no matter how far away from them. Her life would be safe in his hands.

Biblegram Solution

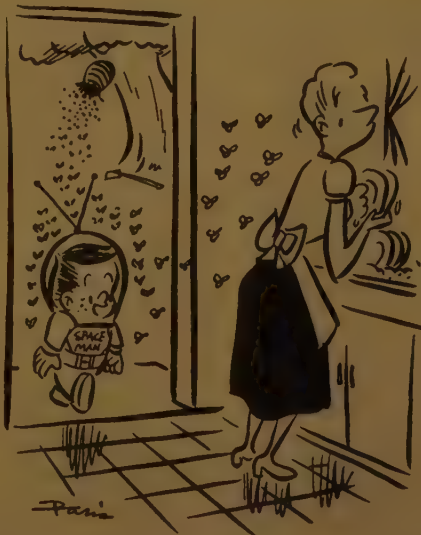
(Biblegram on page 25)

SOLUTION: "Better is a little that the righteous has than the abundance of many wicked. For the arms of the wicked shall be broken; but the LORD upholds the righteous." (Psalm 37: 16-17)

The Words

A Teeth	M Three
B Lean	N Hatchet
C Cows	O About
D Thumb	P Healthy
E Rink	Q Doubled
F Lights	R Dread
G Feet	S Roof
H Chapel	T Round
I Husk	U Table
J Smith	V Soon
K Break	W First
L Night	X Wait

Y Sheet



"Look, Mom—hornets can't sting me!"

W
I
L
B
U
R



Family Counselor

Q. About three years ago my son, just now twelve years of age and in the seventh grade, started having convulsions. We took him to three of the best hospitals in the country and none of them could find anything wrong.

For the past two years he has done no good at all scholastically. I am sure he is much too advanced for his physical age, yet he was promoted last year. He has become quite a behavior problem—not mean—just pesky. The principal has paddled him several times but this only seems to make him belligerent. He refuses to do his homework or any menial task unless physical punishment is used.

A. You probably should secure the judgment of your physician and the school principal as to the desirability of sending your son to a private school. Ordinarily one would hesitate to recommend such a step as in one sense it is a running away from the problem, both for yourself and for your son. He must sometime learn how to adjust to the world in spite of his handicap and there is no better time for doing so than when he is young and has the understanding support of you and your husband.

To be sure, your responsibility in helping him make this adjustment will not be an easy one. You can expect him to get pretty blue and discouraged as he realizes that his playmates seem to shun him. It will not be surprising if he has a tendency to engage in self-pity and to feel rather bitter toward others. You will guard against encouraging this self-pity, of course, but at the same time you will want to let him know that you realize he is having a pretty tough time.

You certainly will not want to minimize his problem, but neither should you magnify it. Assure him of your confidence that he can make the necessary adjustments and thus find life good and worth while. If there is a possibility that the convulsions may decrease in frequency as he gets older, hold out this possibility before him too.

Continue to make friends with his playmates and to encourage their coming to your home and yard to play with him. It is not surprising, of course, that they should be somewhat frightened when your son has a convulsion while playing with them.

If it would not embarrass your son too much, it

might help sometime to explain to the other boys and girls just what happens when he has a convulsion and to suggest what they should do should he have one when playing. The assurance that you always will be home when they come to play so that they may call you if something happens, might make them feel more free to come. It may be that instead of doing this yourself, you would ask the parents of the children to do so.

In the meantime, it would be well to discover activities that your son enjoys and can participate in successfully. Some of these should be the kind that he can engage in by himself. Perhaps he can develop some hobbies that will give him a satisfaction that is not dependent upon the co-operation of others. Encourage, too, the development of skills that will help him “rate” with his peers and which might draw him more into their activities. You already seem to be encouraging him to take part in sports and that is splendid.

In your concern for your son, you may be pardoned if you have a tendency to spoil him. Guard against that, of course. Treat him as nearly as possible as you would any normal boy. Your comments suggest that spanking is not effective in changing your son's attitudes, so why not try other ways?

If your son is too advanced scholastically, that may be one reason why he doesn't do his homework; he may not understand it and find himself confused when he tries to do it. We are told that frequently personality difficulties arise out of improper grade placement, so it would be well to discuss this matter with the school authorities. With respect to home responsibilities, let him have a choice in deciding what he is to do and then insist that he does so.

It is always well for parents to remember that children usually feel toward their handicaps the same way their parents feel toward them. If you can accept your son's illness without becoming too discouraged, your son is likely to accept it in his stride, too. And you will, of course, keep in touch with your physician so that you may avail yourself of any new discoveries that might help your boy.

Donald M. Maynard

Each succeeding

Spring

Springs come and go. In part, our minds retain
The pageant of new life where blight has lain.
Though April's buds were pink upon the bough,
They never seemed so fair to us as now.
Our eyes grow bright, beholding daffodils
And Nature's masterpiece—green-hooded hills.
Last season daffodils were just as gold
And hills as green. The lilac blooms we hold
Are no more fragrant than last year's array,
Nor is the sky more blue. The birds today
Delight us with no clearer, sweeter notes
Than months ago burst from their feathered throats.
While all springs come in their remembered dress,
It seems each last excels in loveliness.

—Clarice Foster Booth

● "P.T."—Career of Compassion

(Continued from page 27)

limited. As more and more physicians come to realize the benefits of therapy, the demand becomes greater.

It is estimated that nearly 200,000 children in the United States suffer from cerebral palsy, a disability caused by damage or malformation of the motor centers of the brain. Many are exceptionally intelligent, but lack the opportunity to learn, because of the scarcity of trained therapists in their area. The need for more therapists will exceed the supply for many years to come.

While we are encouraged to feel that the curtain is falling on that terriblecrippler, polio, there remain many other sources of muscle disease and injury.

"How do I know if I possess the qualities to become a successful physical therapist?" is partly answered in a little booklet entitled *The Job of the Physical Therapist*, published by the American Physical Therapy Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York.

In addition to good health, a few other important traits are emotional stability, poise, sense of humor, sympathetic understanding, liking for children, initiative, courtesy, objectivity, and dependability. There are many others; but if you don't possess most of these, better look twice!

Also, in several of the physical therapists whom I have come to know, a quiet underlying sense of dedication, of

devotion to their calling, is apparent.

It really isn't too hard to unravel the mystery. For those who want to make a life, not just a living, what greater contribution is there than that of bringing wasted lives into happy, productive ones?

● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

5. Once a collection is begun, should a child be allowed to abandon it?

6. What do your school children collect? (List the parents' suggestions on the board, and expand their list to include antiques, books, buttons, coins, dolls, miniatures, models, nature items, postcards, records, and stamps.)

7. Which of these collections stimulate an interest in history? In geography? In other peoples?

8. Into what other areas of discussion might they lead?

9. Does collecting ever strengthen ties beyond the immediate family group with uncles, aunts, grandparents? In what way?

10. Would some of the projects listed on the board be father-son projects or mother-daughter projects, rather than for the whole family? Is this desirable?

11. Will the designation of a "family fun night" each week encourage parent-children hobbies?

12. Should a "family fun night" close with a worship service? How might this be brought about naturally?

IV. Resource Materials

A Button Collector's History, by G. F. Ford. Pond-Ekberg Co., Springfield, Massachusetts, 1943.

A Primer of Book Collecting, by John T. Winterich and David A. Randall. Greenberg, New York, 1946.

A Stamp Collector's Encyclopaedia, New York Philosophical Library, 1951.

Fell's United States Coin Book, by Jacques Del Monte. Frederick Fell, 1949.

Fell's International Coin Book, by Jacques Del Monte. Frederick Fell, 1953.

Hammond's Guide to Nature Hobbies, Hammond, New York, 1953.

Hobbies, the Magazine for Collectors, Lightner Publishing Corporation, Chicago.

How to Play with Your Child, by Arnold Arnold. Ballantine Books, New York, 1955.

On Making, Mending, and Dressing Dolls, by Clara Hallard Fawcett. H. L. Lindquist, New York, 1949.

Opening the Door for God, by Herman Sweet. Westminster Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1944.

Record Collector's Guide, by John Hines and others. Franklin Watts, Inc., 1947.

Shell Collector's Handbook, by A. Hyatt Verrill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1950.

The Fascinating Story of Dolls, by J. P. Johl. H. L. Lindquist, New York, 1941.

When Children Worship, by Marguerite Harmon Bro. Willett, Clark & Co., 1940.



BOOKS

for the hearthside

For Youth

Treasure Under Coyote Hill, by Charles Coombs. (The Westminster Press, 1956. 191 pages. Price, \$2.75).

When Eddie Winston purchases a secondhand Geiger counter, he invites his two friends, Jane Kelton and Brick Evans, to go prospecting with him for uranium. The very first day of their exploring they hit "pay dirt." As soon as the town hears about it, however, everyone and his brother buys a Geiger counter and tries to cash in on this bonanza.

Then two strange men come to town and, presenting legal evidence, stake claims to the entire land containing uranium.

How Eddie, Brick, and Jane discover another angle to the uranium fever and uncover undreamed of treasure makes an exciting, very readable book for young people from 12 to 15.

* * *

A boy, a horse, and an Arizona ranch work together to make up the story of **Champion of the Cross 5**, by John Richard Young (Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1955. 223 pages. Price, \$2.75). Don Revere, proud owner of an Arabian horse, Raffy, joins his father raising Arabian horses and training them to become cow horses. Adding the spice of mystery and danger is a *tigre*, a jaguar from Mexico. His summer vaca-

tion is a character training school for Don as he learns how to face and handle adversity when it comes to him. At last he learns the title of *Caballero*, given him by his friend Luis, a Mexican ranch hand.

* * *

The Promise, by Esther Kellner (The Westminster Press, 236 pages. Price, \$3.50).

Here is an outstanding book with a biblical setting that teenage girls will especially enjoy. Written in descriptive, iridescent language, *The Promise* is the story of Sarai, who grew up in Ur, a city on the Euphrates River, and who later became the wife of the immortal Abraham, father of the tribes of Israel.

Used to luxury and security all her life, Sarai nevertheless follows her husband into a strange land when he receives a message from God. She cannot reconcile herself to Abraham's God, however, and continues worshiping the many gods of her childhood.

When Sarai is compelled to visit the court of the Pharaoh, she is befriended by Hagar, one of his slaves. Sarai takes Hagar with her back to her husband's people; but this later turns out to have unfortunate consequences for Sarai.

The reader can almost see the pageantry and splendor of this ancient world, and he meets a host of colorful, unforgettable characters.

The author did intensive research in archaeology and biblical history before compiling this book. It is based on scriptural accounts by Moslem, Jewish, and Christian writers.

For Adults

An excellent reading book, reference book, and textbook is James A. Paterson's **Education for Marriage** (Scribners, 1956. 429 pages. Price, \$5.50). Intended primarily as a textbook for courses in marriage and family education, it will be of immense value to parents for their own reading or to put into the hands of their young people who are about to be married and who have had no opportunity to take such a course. It is also highly useable as a reference book by family life counselors in church and school.

The book is conveniently arranged in four parts: "Preparing for Marriage"; "Making a Wise Marriage Choice"; "Preparation for Marital Togetherness"; and "The Achievement of Togetherness." Written from a scientific point of view, it is at the same time humane and down to earth. *Hearthstone* readers will be pleased to note in the chapter on "Achieving Religious Togetherness," an emphasis that is not always to be found in books of this nature. Also unusual to find in similar books is an appendix which gives in detail a copy of an "Ante-Nuptial Agreement of the Catholic Church."

This book and Eckert's *Sex Attitudes in the Home* together make up a basic library which covers most of the problems which arise in this field.

Over the back fence

Taking an Old Task with New Seriousness

The month of June reminds us of an old responsibility that must be tackled with a new seriousness. Many new homes are being started this month; and the question is, "How many of them are being started with adequate preparation?"

Parents have always tried in some fashion to prepare their children for the time when they would have their own homes. Frequently, that preparation would amount only to giving girls the rudiments of housekeeping and providing boys with some help in getting started in a lifework. Usually, some words of advice were thrown in from time to time with varying degrees of appropriateness.

Today there is an increasing concern over family life education, a phrase that is being heard more and more in a large number of circles. We are realizing more clearly than ever before that education for family living must be taken with a new seriousness by all groups that are concerned about the homes of the nation.

The Responsibility of Home and Parents. It is here that happy homes and successful family living are given their foundations. Everything that is done in the home contributes to the success or failure of the homes that are later established. Parents will need to discover what they must do in the home that will provide the guidance necessary. They must realize that the very atmosphere of the home for which they are responsible plays a part in that guidance. They will take more seriously the need to understand their children and will endeavor to make home life a positive influence

in educating them for future family living. They will study literature and participate in parent groups which enrich their own lives for their task.

Church and Church School. These important institutions will also take more seriously their responsibility for Christian family life education. They will realize that their purposes will be fulfilled or hindered by the way in which the home supports and reinforces the achieving of them. More direct guidance will be provided to parents through counseling and study groups to help parents become more effective in carrying out their share of the common task.

Much more guidance will be provided in the curriculum itself for participants in the Christian education program at all ages in the field of family life. Premarital guidance and education will be more seriously conducted as a part of this emphasis.

Community Agencies. There are many agencies in the community that are at present concerned about general family life education with which home and church can and must co-operate more closely. The public schools, family welfare agencies, child care and study organizations, social hygiene bodies, and others can contribute to the total program of education for family life.

Hearthstone urges its readers to take steps to develop a more effective program of family life education along the lines briefly hinted at here. Through your minister and through the directors of family life whose names are listed on the inside front cover of this issue you can find help in taking this old, old task with a new seriousness.

Sorrow for a Broken Record

This is written in February shortly after figures for 1956 traffic deaths were released. For the first time the total exceeded 40,000 which had been predicted earlier in the year. For this our nation should indeed go into mourning; it is so largely unnecessary.

Poetry Page

Lines for a Guest Room

Here for your comfort, wide and low,
A chair waits in an ingle nook,
A picture fashioned long ago—
A candle and a book.
Here shall be quiet for your dreams
When on the roof the raindrops fall,
Or moonlight through the window gleams,
Or firelight on the wall.
Here shall the night be still for you,
Nor shall one hour of slumber fail.
A bird song on the sill for you
Shall be your morning hail.
However long the road you came,
However far your final quest,
This tranquil place, in love's good name
Shall lodge my guest.

—Julia W. Wolfe

Apology of a New Grandmother

Everybody knows
A grandmother sews.
She crochets and knits,
Makes quilts of bright bits,
Works wonders with yarns.
She patches and darns.
But I, if you please,
Am a failure at these.

I can read a book
To a tot by a brook,
Or listen on walks
While only he talks.
And tales I can tell,
And bake cookies well.
That might be a start
To win a small heart.

—Beth Robertson

The Homemaker's Song

Work days are blessed, priceless things,
All day my feet have raced on wings!
And now with bowls of blue and white,
I set my steaming board, tonight.
Then gather in my rosy flock,
And thank the Lord for sturdy stock.
For bread to break and milk to pour,
For love and happiness, galore.
My sire, with honor on his face,
His voice upraised to God, in grace.

* * *

And so, at last another day,
Of little chores, I tuck away.
And yet my heart sings like a bell.
I have performed my ritual.

—Maggie Culver Fry

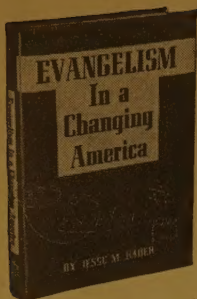
The Parent's Heart

The parent's heart is torn between
Remembrance and experience.
Full well he knows delights as keen
As summer's edge, beneath their sheen
The deep-laid scars of consequence.

How then to the oblivious child
Reveal the deep wound, or allow
The echo of unreconciled
Desires to ring above the wild
Tumult the young breast harbors now?

No hand protests; the lips are sealed
As adolescence blithely dares
Its dream. So does the parent yield
The child, so gives his heart for shield,
And waits with balms his love prepares.

—Kathleen Sutton



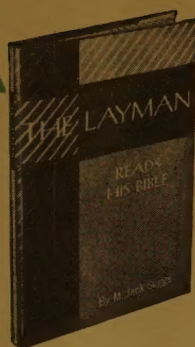
Evangelism in a Changing America

By Jesse M. Bader.

"It covers the whole range of evangelism, both in theory and practice, and should prove very helpful and inspiring. Containing many human interest illustrations, it makes for interesting reading."—Dr. George H. Jones, General Board of Evangelism, The Methodist Church, editor, *Shepherd's* magazine.

"A truly wonderful message. It is just the right combination of spiritual dynamic with proven 'know-how.'" —Walter E. Woodbury, former Secretary of Evangelism of the American Baptist Convention.

"Of the many new books on evangelism that have come from the press in recent years, I would accord Dr. Bader's first place."—R. Ernest Lamb, Administrative Secretary, American Friends Board of Missions. A worthy addition to every library. \$3.00.



The Layman Reads His Bible

By M. Jack Suggs.

For those who want to understand the Bible and make its message part of their lives. Dr. Suggs suggests basic attitudes and methods of study which will help the 20th-century Christian become more at home in the Bible's ancient land. \$1.50

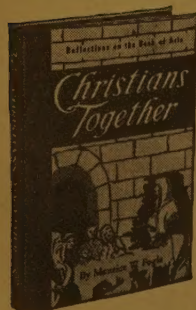
Finding Holy Ground

By Harold L. Lunger.

The weakness of today and the fulfillment of tomorrow is realized in this new book by Dr. Lunger. Designed to build peace and inner strength in every man, and help to form a deep-rooted Christian philosophy. \$3.00.



SET YOUR COURSE FOR VACATION READING

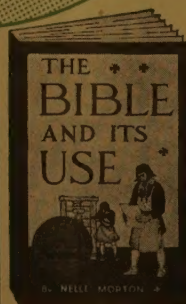


Christians Together

By Maurice W. Fogle.

Transcending the barrier of time, Dr. Fogle makes the Book of Acts live again. He has completely recaptured the true depth of meaning in this thought-provoking book of the Bible. This study tells how

man, confronted by God, responds through faith in deeper understanding and human fellowship. Church members will appreciate its message. \$2.75.



The Bible and Its Use

By Nelle Morton.

Designed to capture the imagination of today's teenagers, this delightful presentation of the history of the Bible clearly shows the book as a work of God, and makes the events of the past vivid and alive once more. Important biblical facts are woven into a swiftly moving story concerning a refugee and his new American classmates. \$1.50.

What Makes America Great?

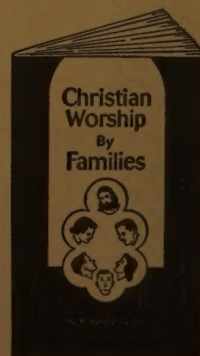
By W. Earl Waldrop.

A perceptive study of our nation and its people under God; of the ideas and ideals which make, and will keep, this country great. The author discusses American freedom as based upon Christian principles of life and thought. He calls for aggressive and objective action by all of this country's people in serving God and nation. Here is excellent reading to inspire better acts of citizenship in every Christian. \$1.50

Christian Worship By Families

By Richard E. Lentz.

A six-chapter illustrated study dealing with the problems related to worship as a family experience. Readers can adapt solutions to meet their own situation. .75¢.



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